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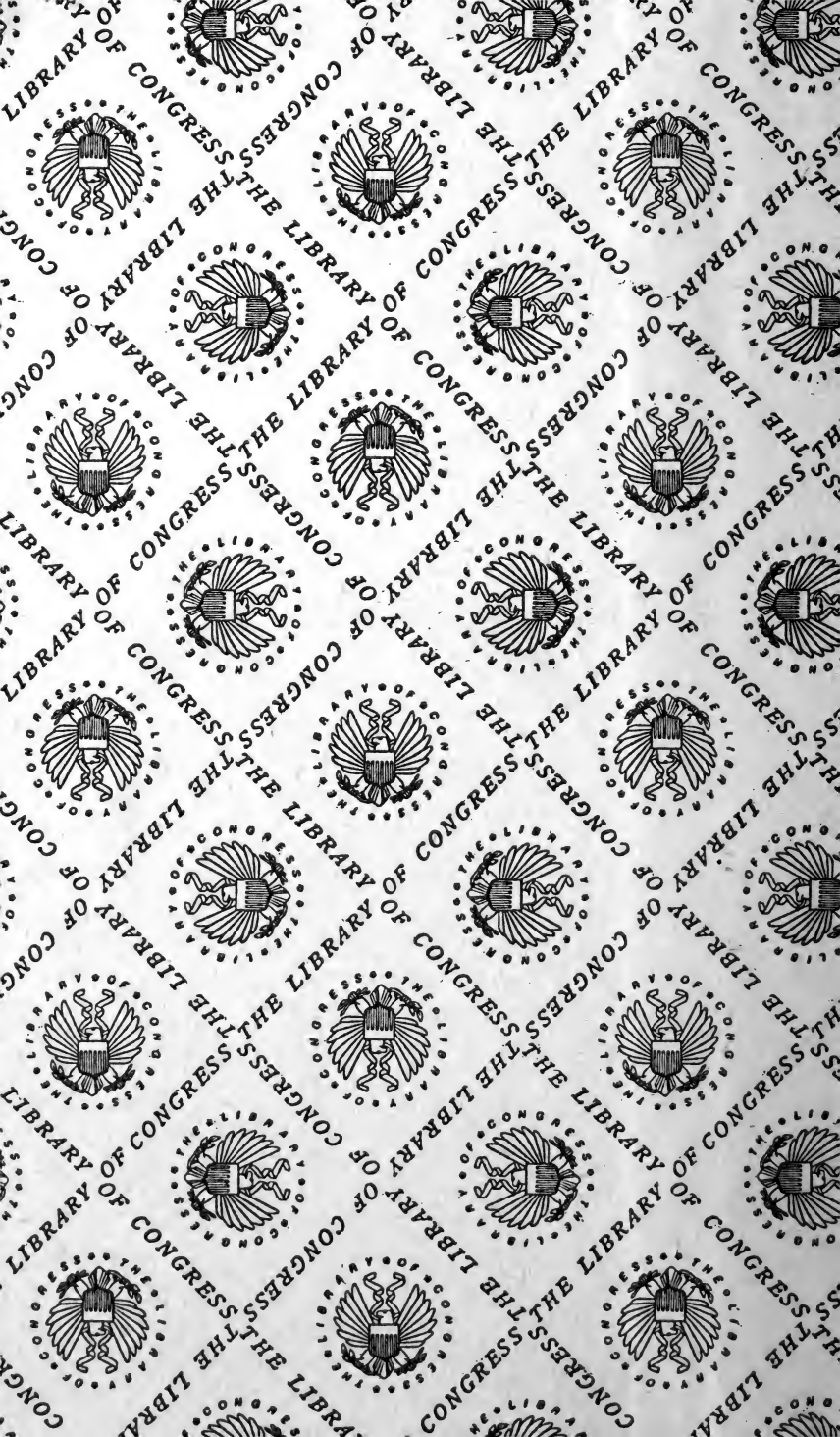
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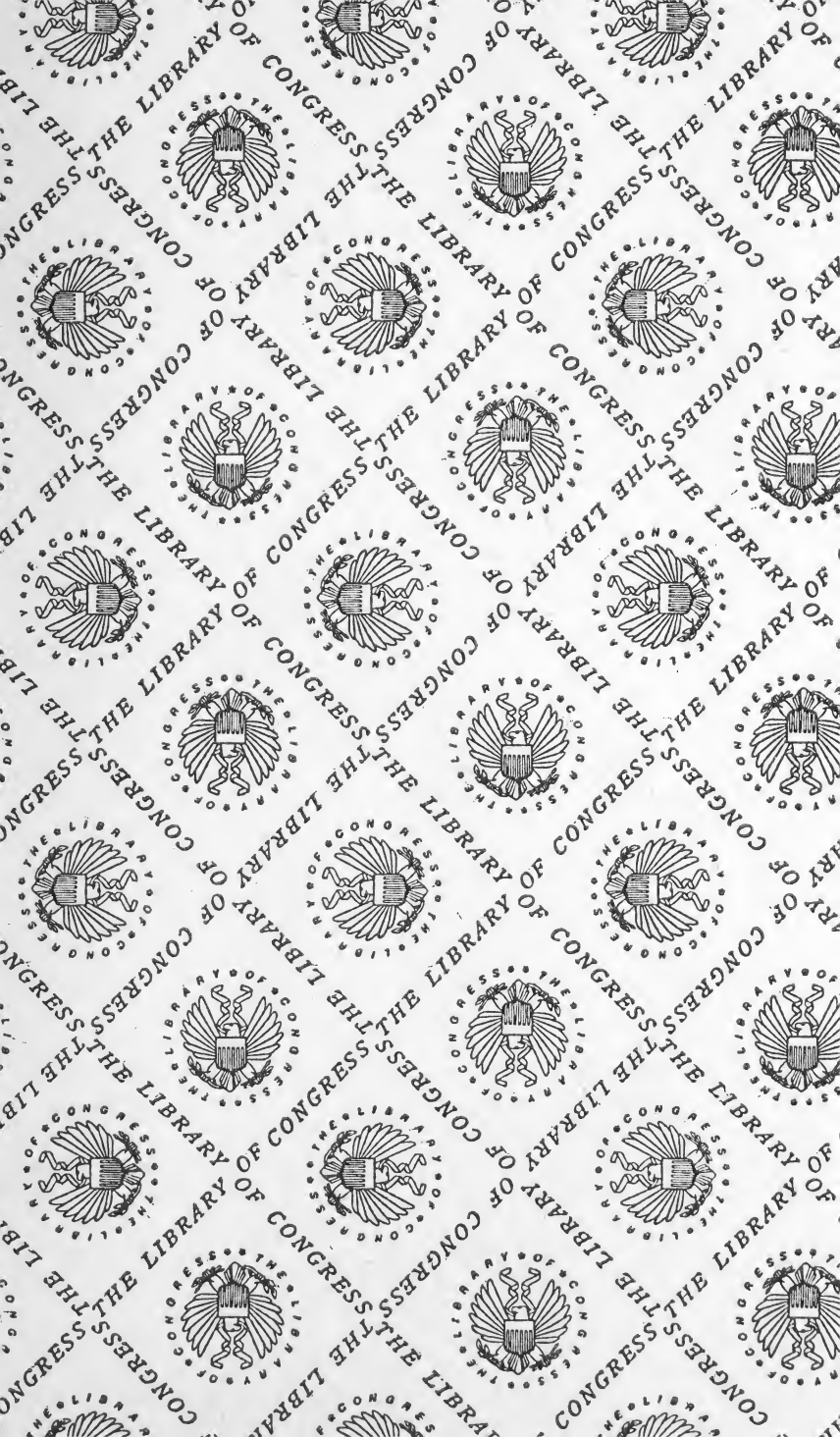
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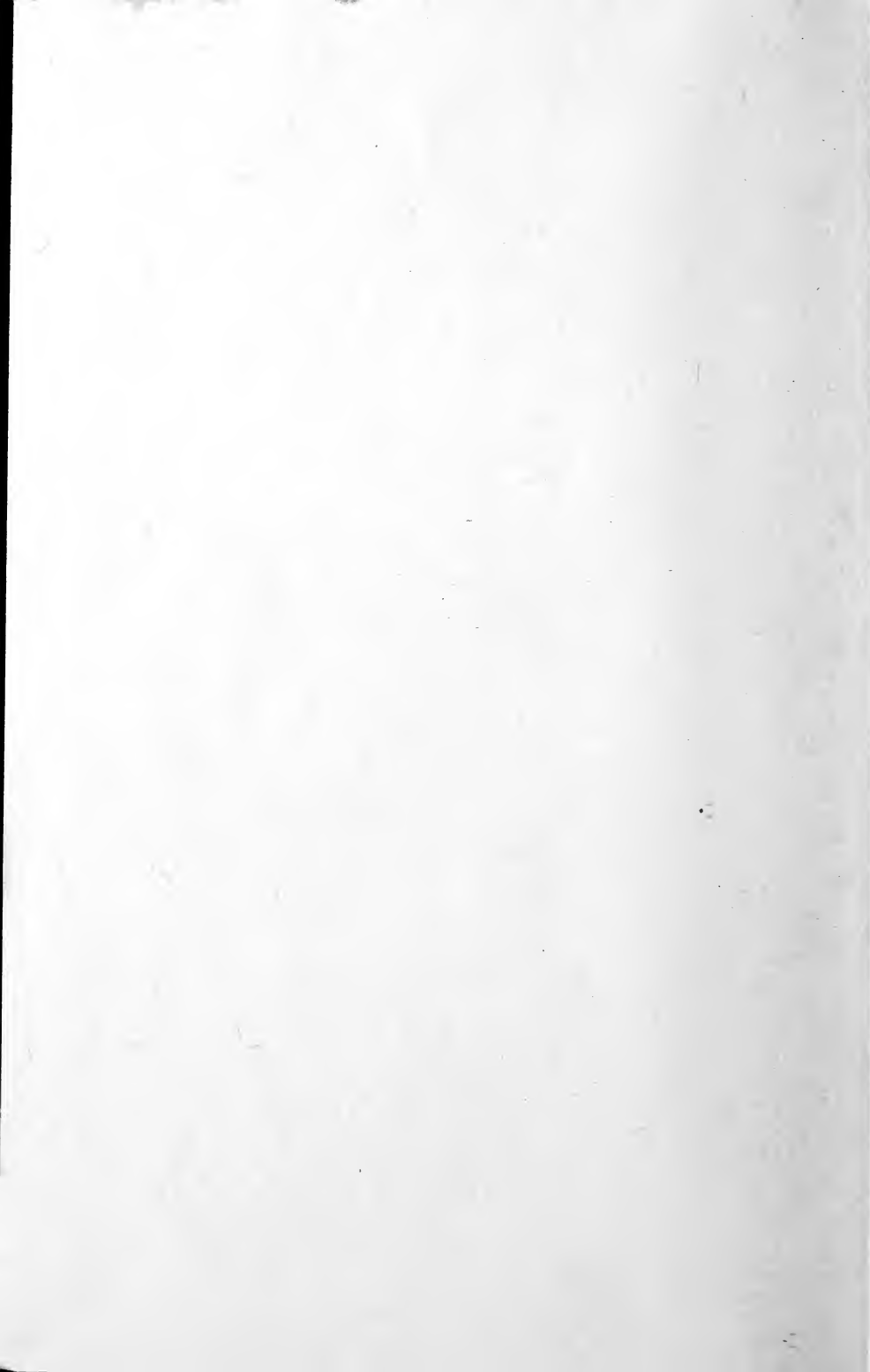


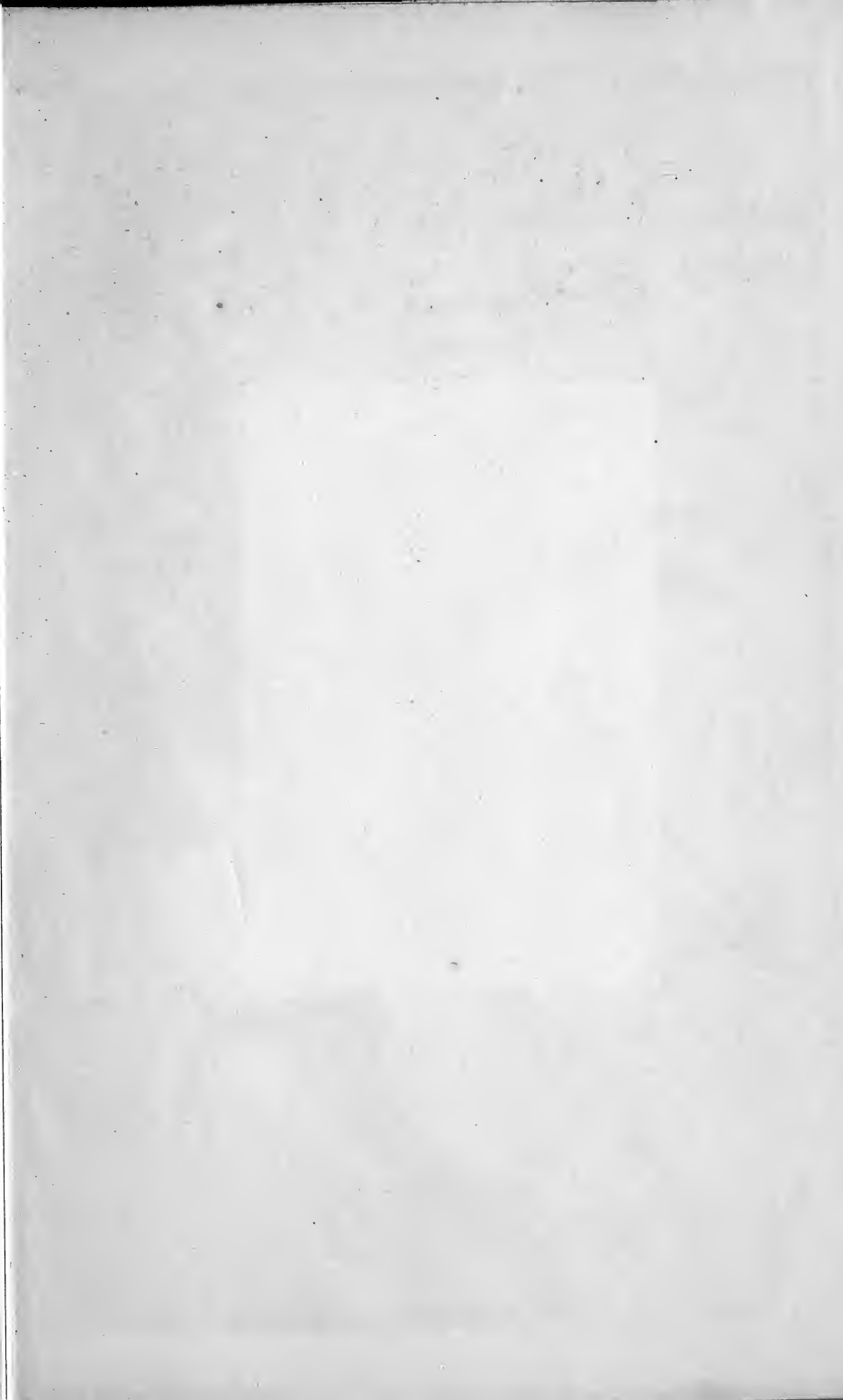
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# CHRYSEID AND OTHER POEMS

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BY

WILL McCOURTIE



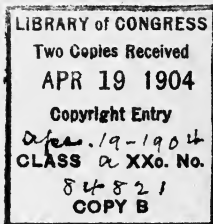
BOSTON

Richard G. Badger

The Gorham Press

1904

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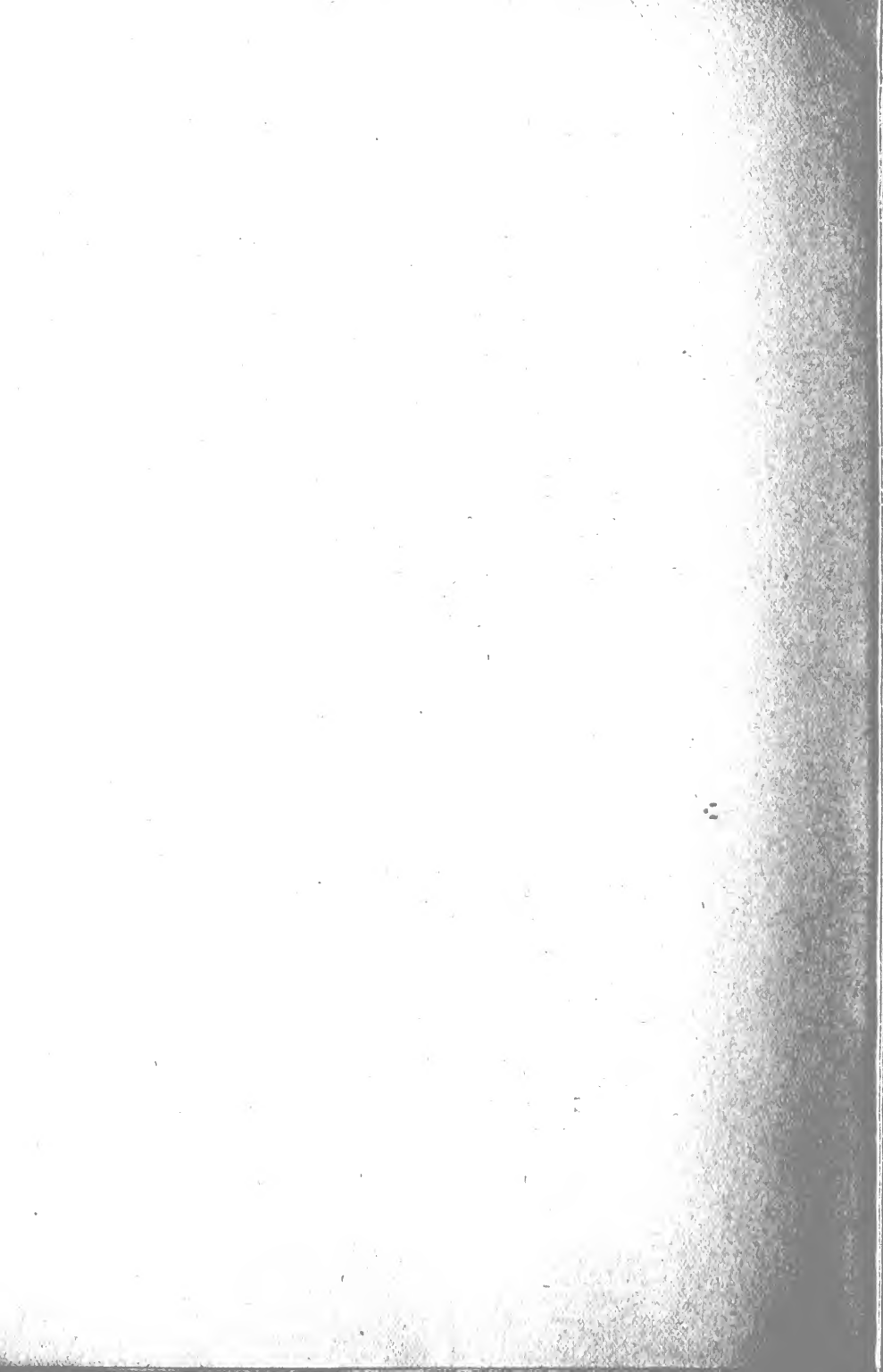


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*(continued)*

*Printed at  
The Gorham Press  
Boston, U.S.A.*

To My Mother — My Book



## CHRYSEID

*An Imploration whispered to Love's ear.*

“ —The moon shines bright : — In such a night  
as this,

“ When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

“ And they did make no noise,—in such a night

“ Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls

“ And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,

“ Where Cressid lay that night.”

—*The Merchant of Venice.*



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## CHRYSEID

Chryseid, lean within the night and hear  
This surging dream that strives for secrecy  
And utterance unto thy midmost ear —  
This dream, it may be, that I tell to thee.  
Thou knowest I am wont to sit and brood  
Upon our love : by night, when all is sleep,  
I watch in solemn silent solitude,  
And cast myself far out in ether's deep ;  
Where, winged, I soar aloft or poise or sink  
Amid clouds of slumbering thoughts until I seem  
To be upon the overlooking brink  
Of other worlds — and this world is a dream ;  
While untold whisperings prophetic come,  
And breathe of thee a star-lit symphony,  
Thrill and still thrill me almost stricken dumb ;  
And inner voices chant and sing to me.

. . . . .  
Erewhiles upon the gasping Earth was thrown  
The shadow-fallen darkness of the night,  
A sad nocturnal mantle weirdly blown  
By wafting waning zephyrs, drifting light  
In drooping folds o'er open garden-places,  
In heavy sable raiment on the trees ;  
And silently the moon floods silent spaces  
With dreamy baths of unreal ecstasies.

The few bright stars were glittering bells in  
chime,

Just thinly tinkling in the heavenly zone  
As murmurs of the wind from time to time  
Stirred their pale polished cups to silvery tone :  
The Earth, bewitched by music's light embrace,  
Borne in its haunting influence along,  
Had swooned in fancy of the thrilling grace  
Of ghostly numbers breathed in stellar song :  
And candent moonlight, sleeping fair and pure,  
Wooded mortals to old blissful dreams anew,  
Which fascinate with secret charming lure  
And pierce the soul with yearning through and  
through. . . .

A beam had fallen on the forest brook,  
Near by I stood and calmly leaning o'er  
Into its quiet depths I threw a look —  
The water shone like a smooth and polished floor  
Of burnished glass : it was a mirror fair  
And shining cold, in which I saw a face  
Not thine nor wholly mine ; thy falling hair  
Had over-webbed my face, a wreath of grace,  
And blurred the picture like a golden cloud,  
Or veil of silken filmy golden lace,  
Which, floating on the limpid deeps, endowed  
My lineaments with mystery and grace.

Chryseid ! lyre-like was the mirror strung,  
Strung with thy hair, and thrilled with sweetest  
note ;  
While to the vibrant tones a strange voice sung,—  
As though perfume-sweet breath from an un-  
known throat  
Swept over me with love ineffable ;  
When lo ! the waters of the stream became  
Divinely lit, and thou wert visible  
In silvered heraldry and palish flame !  
Chryseid, thou ! sweet spirit of soft grace !—  
O Beauty speechless, wonderful, divine !—  
Deigning to breathe upon my upheld face  
The kiss of love which made thy sweetness mine.  
And in my face, so softened in its lines,  
Still peers the star-lit grace of that strange night,  
As more for thee my soul in longing pines  
As opes each day, as hastes its sunny flight,  
As, with the earliest dream that love doth spin,  
When slumber hushes me to perfect rest,  
Summoned by this ecstasy my soul breathes in,  
I fly, and am enfolded to thy breast.  
Chryseid, sweet ! thou art my only queen,  
Thou art the blossom on the tree of Night  
Hung silverly the topmost boughs between. . . .  
O Love ! . . . O whitest bloom ! . . . O silver  
light ! . . .

## JULIAN

Rushes the wind in the forest like sounds of the  
night on the seas,  
Immense — like great wings in the profluent swish  
of their moving  
Over the terrible heights and the veteran tops of  
the trees  
Driving black masses of cloud that are sullen and  
dragged disapproving;  
Hoarse is its voice with anguish, majestic the  
chant of its pain —  
A reverberate sorrowing roll from the first day's  
beginning —  
For these are the wrongs of old worlds and the  
songs of them slain,  
Sad-sudden as rain when the day dies to doom,  
and dies sinning:  
From out the black depths not whisper not mur-  
mur but thunder  
The prophetic grey-glooms of the pines toward  
the ages to be,  
Somber as stricken mid-moon when night's  
solemn-breathed swell cuts asunder  
The soul from itself, and no shore's last light  
lingers a-sea:  
This menace sweeps on me as rain, as showering  
rain,

Suffusing and drooping its mists to my inner-  
most being;  
And it threatens and blinds, pursuing as pity or  
pain,  
Till my hurt heart is pierced through the shutter-  
less eyes of its seeing.  
Though sleep hath its dreams this my fire dies  
not to a smoulder,  
New fuel-fed flame bursts out where the old flame  
fell;  
From the sleep I arise, from the dream I arise,  
arise older,  
But the taste of my life is embittered wherever I  
dwell.  
For shall life not soon pass and passing lay on  
some altar  
Its gift as shall we lay our gift and hence shall  
depart?  
Feeble our steps what time hands break apart; no  
doubt we shall falter,  
Though love is loved, life is lived, still a heart  
leaves a heart :  
A heart leaves a heart — O heart of my heart, is  
that all?  
What of these unwetted eyes and the passionate  
promise to guard her?  
What we wished, is all done? What *is* done,  
will it live, will it fall?

O to leave you is hard, but to be left of you, —  
ah! that is harder. . . .  
These are but shadows, I know, the foreshadowing  
sobs of a shaken  
Suspense-wearied pagan, whose night has no  
moon woven through;  
If I sleep, I would that from sleep I never should  
waken,  
Night is the only friend I have — night brings me  
you.  
That old move, and the gesture of arm for a laugh-  
ing embrace —  
Only the never-known love and the looks without  
naming or number,  
They have filled me, and flare in the dusk as I  
fall to your face,  
Swift as an impulse falls, praying sleep and  
some dreams in the slumber.  
The waters grown pallid of night stretch out  
pulseless and deadened,  
The tide-swung thin tendrils unclasp as they sink  
under brine,—  
When lo! out of East — is that motion? What of  
sky there is reddened;  
The waves lean and listen. But if dawn shoots  
a light, it's not mine:  
You and I strain our gaze on the darkness where  
old things have passed,

Whence our life that was love has gone, our eyes  
are turned thither ;  
It grows black ! of its gods and its glories we are  
the last  
To know or to care : we, too, must pass on — but,  
death, whither ?  
It is not much to have lived, it is more — O so  
much ! — to be living,  
These mornings and sunsets mean more than their  
promise a-sky :  
Lo, it is dead, what is given ; it is life that we  
love we are giving,  
Life that we love, that we give up to love, that it  
live — you and I.

## LOTIS

O Lotis, would that I might sing thy bloom  
In vocables soft-footed as a rill,  
Such as the dryads in deep evening gloom  
In heart-throbs hymn, each syllable a thrill,  
Whenas they gather round a favourite stone,  
And some blow on the reed, some dance, some  
sing,  
With locks a-wild which warm *susurri* comb :  
But melancholy now since thou art flown  
This burden moans and saddens on the wing,  
And droops anigh thy home, thy forest home.

The spokesman of thy beauty was the grace,  
The bud-enfolded flower of natural ease,  
Flaring thy limbs to murmur in thy face  
When wildered by the chase and old love's pleas  
Pressed hard, and charmed thee from thy woods  
apart ;  
Thy dreams, then, all desire and quick delight,  
Shrinking but giving, and lo ! an empty shrine !  
Till, with intolerably weary heart,  
Thou prayed a pardon from thy human plight,  
Asked of the god oblivion, and it was thine.



O for the peace about thy garden . . . . on  
The trees . . . . the quaint repose and quietness  
Of ever-falling flowers . . . the yellowed sun  
That broods upon thy ghosthood, lustreless . . . .  
To dream the way of one a-worshipping  
When lonesome star-shine swathes the silent  
steep,  
And live no more a lived life's wandering  
Like some night-nomad from the tribe of sleep!  
O for thy vast enchanted garden-place —  
The shadow, as thy dayless sun is old,  
That folds each branch and yearns upon the  
ground,  
To live in hope and worship of thy face  
Until thou touch me with a wand of gold  
And smooth me soft away to peace profound.

## CARLOTTA

She stands in her grief alone. . . .  
While a sadness, still, unknown,  
Tears, tears at her heart, a throne  
As empty as her own. . . .  
Alone in her grief, alone.

She weathers her grief alone,  
And her queenly strength is gone,  
And the blithe heart once her own  
Has heavy grown as stone. . . .  
Alone in her grief, alone.

## ISABELLA

O Keats, thou must have known sweet Isabel  
As, fading shadow-fast, her tearful eyes  
Bled life to bay-roots creeping through the cell,  
The bone-house where Lorenzo once did dwell.

Let doleful Melancholy throw a spell,  
And chant a dirge, O woful, wofully;  
Sad — sadly toll a mournful mournful bell  
For slim Lorenzo, loving Isabel.

## LOVE THE HIGHWAYMAN

When Fancy spinneth and when Love doth weave  
O 'tis more than itching raiment! worn withal  
To the sure tune of many Nessus-aches  
And ills, though all are cured and sweetened by  
The unforgettable knowledge of possession.  
Love's fools, both old and young! is it not queer  
And laughably droll, your lack of modesty?  
But 'tis a rare good relish Love imparts!  
Methinks the gods themselves must smile to mark  
The lover's conscious pose of open pride,  
The sudden happy grandeur of his carriage:  
Till yesterday a youthful pilferer,  
During to-morrow prisoned by his duty,  
But this to-day — as free as aimless air,  
And prouder than the topmost emperor —  
The foremost boldest robber of them all.  
Ay, robbery, — unpunished robbery — for  
There is no more successful brigandage  
Than this same theft called Love, nor commoner;  
A brigandage whereby the bandit-chief  
Carries his captive bride away — away —  
Far into those impregnable Pyrenees,  
Those rugged inaccessible fastnesses,  
The trackless mapless mountains of the heart,  
To there thereafter safely snugly dwell.

## DREAMS

You dreamt of happiness — from that you hope?  
You scarce believe in what you hear and see,  
Have faith in no man's promise, and distrust  
Even that which you know is proved and true,  
And yet, somehow, you think there's something in  
An idle empty dream! O Life's a wag,  
Indeed, and people simple to his joking.  
Dreams? It were better not to suffer such  
Suspense, and, sweet, dreams never do come true.  
The power that comes while winding in our sleep  
Awake we cannot summon up nor tell;  
Though vivid are the fantasies when lightly  
Their sharp and fleet shapes past us, crownéd,  
stream,  
Yet open eyes and they are far and dim  
To stir us slightly like the passive tale,  
Sick-sad, poor-gay; or often raven-omened,  
Stamping the augury of evils dire  
Upon a wan and weary burdened brow. . . .  
A bad bad night — a heavy bitter night.  
But still — false as the echo is — sometimes  
The heavens breathe a morning harmony,  
The fresh air blows from off the hopeful hills,  
And all our being yearns toward Love and Dawn,  
Expectant-thrilling as we name the name  
Athwart the flaming rose that crowns the East;  
The while the blushful nymphs a-cloud restrain  
The sun one laughing moment ere he bursts  
Over the sightless deafened world.

## FOUNDATION

Our life is work the way we learned it,  
Choked down or shirked, searched dull or  
glad, sought hard;  
And wealth's the way we earned it,  
Which must give, must retard.

Ah, youth held days too well remembered,  
Too oft the past's regretted when long gone :  
The year's too soon Septembred,  
How Winter cometh on !

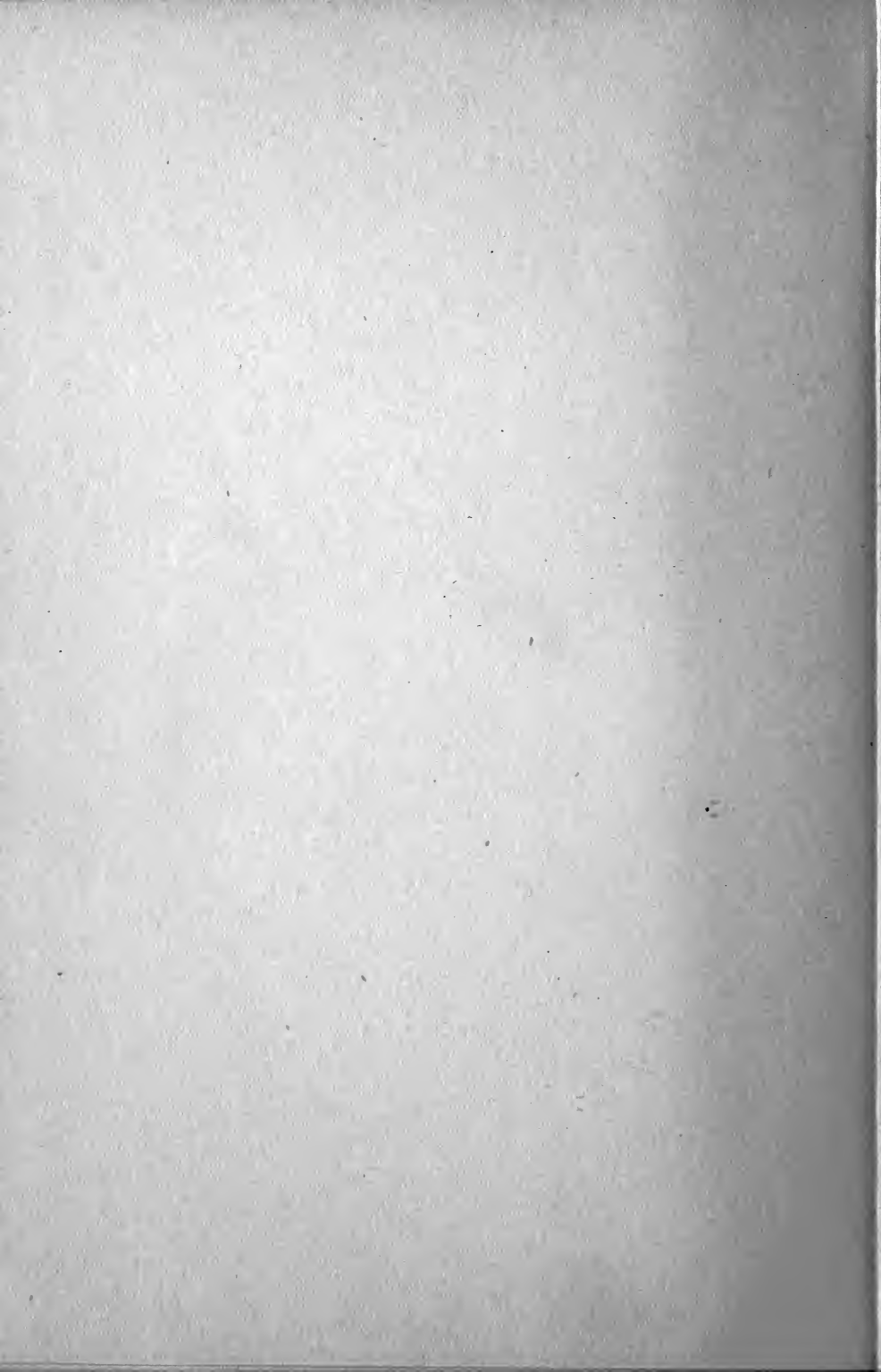
Youth was an hour to waste uncaring,  
Delve deeper, finer, longer, where is not ;  
Whose mockery unsparing  
Brings home to us our lot.

O what a time is now for longing  
When, wished nor willed, yet beaten is the  
track !  
The past had no belonging  
Such as we want — and lack.

The world will on to what is coming,  
These years but build up greater, stronger  
need ;  
Regret comes with the summing,  
The cost of being freed.



## SONNETS





## SARGENT HALL

*Boston Public Library*

There is the whole long tale of discontent,  
The monumental epic of its race,  
In that one soul which on its praying face  
Bears hard signs of the weary way it went,  
Enslaved and toiling in discouragement,  
Yet in the darkest hour of deep disgrace,  
Yea, even when God had hidden for a space  
His Light, through pitfalls seeking the ascent.

O modern soul ! must you a second time  
Live out this epic of blind ways and strife,  
And tread the worn path which old feet have trod,  
When Precious Blood He gave who hung sublime  
To save and to redeem your inner life,  
And make it one through life and death with God?

## SPRINGFIELD

How Tom and Holyoke guard us! there they  
stand —

Tom gray with years, gray with long ages'  
power,

But low stoops Holyoke, like a long blue  
shower;

While from between both flows the broad and  
bland

Connecticut, this highway of our land,  
All willow-edged below to laurel-flower  
Above, through fruit and flower-strewn fields  
grassed o'er —

Other grand scenes I know, but this is grand.

Springfield once tip-toed to the river bank,  
Leaning and looking where the water stills  
(Her gayety, her knowledge, pride of rank,  
Beauty, I saw) ; she thrilled (I felt the thrills).  
One moment only spared she for her prank,  
We crowned her on her own, her native hills.

## WESTPORT

The elms droop over houses white and green ;  
I let my worn self go, my senses play  
To feel the quiet old-time breath and way  
Fluctuant in the summer air serene ;  
And in its wide calm restfulness I lean,  
Putting this modern world of ours away :  
The solemn quaintness of an older day  
With sweet austere release comes in between.

The years turn back to pardon and restore  
The low and lost, the peaceful past once more,  
And sickly lives and broken hearts make whole ;  
The yearning spirit bridging shore and shore  
Seeks well through vasts of life and death one  
goal—  
The final long deliverance of soul.

## LAKE CHAMPLAIN

O modest maid whose feet creep shyly through  
The valley of the purple-shadowed trance  
Of sleeping green-garbed mountains of romance  
More fleet and silver than your wave-crests do !

O sweet nymph of that gown turquoisest blue  
That floods and folds you in your pretty dance,  
Somewhere your lover lingers for his chance ;  
Somewhere the mountain-wind is waiting you,

When you shall come to revel down the rocks  
And ripple with you over widths and bays,  
Then on beyond to downs of quiet grass :

Sometimes you will not hear but shake your  
locks ;

Sometimes you weep ; or laugh ; sometimes  
both ways ;

Mood follows mood — but all your moods surpass.

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

The haunted wood lay in the spell of dreams  
Under the *naïve* moon's pale changing light,  
And music all the limpid summer night  
Beat gently in the air its rhythmic streams,  
While sprites who flitted in the breathless beams  
Sung fairy-land's low numbers in their flight.  
That night said Helen, if I heard aright,  
In words anent the vexingmost of themes :  
" Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind."  
Indeed ! sweet comfort for your stricken eyes,  
O Love, Reason will help your way to find ;  
When such advantage at your service lies,  
The sight of one so shrewd and sure and wise —  
Refuse it ! Are you mad as well as blind ?

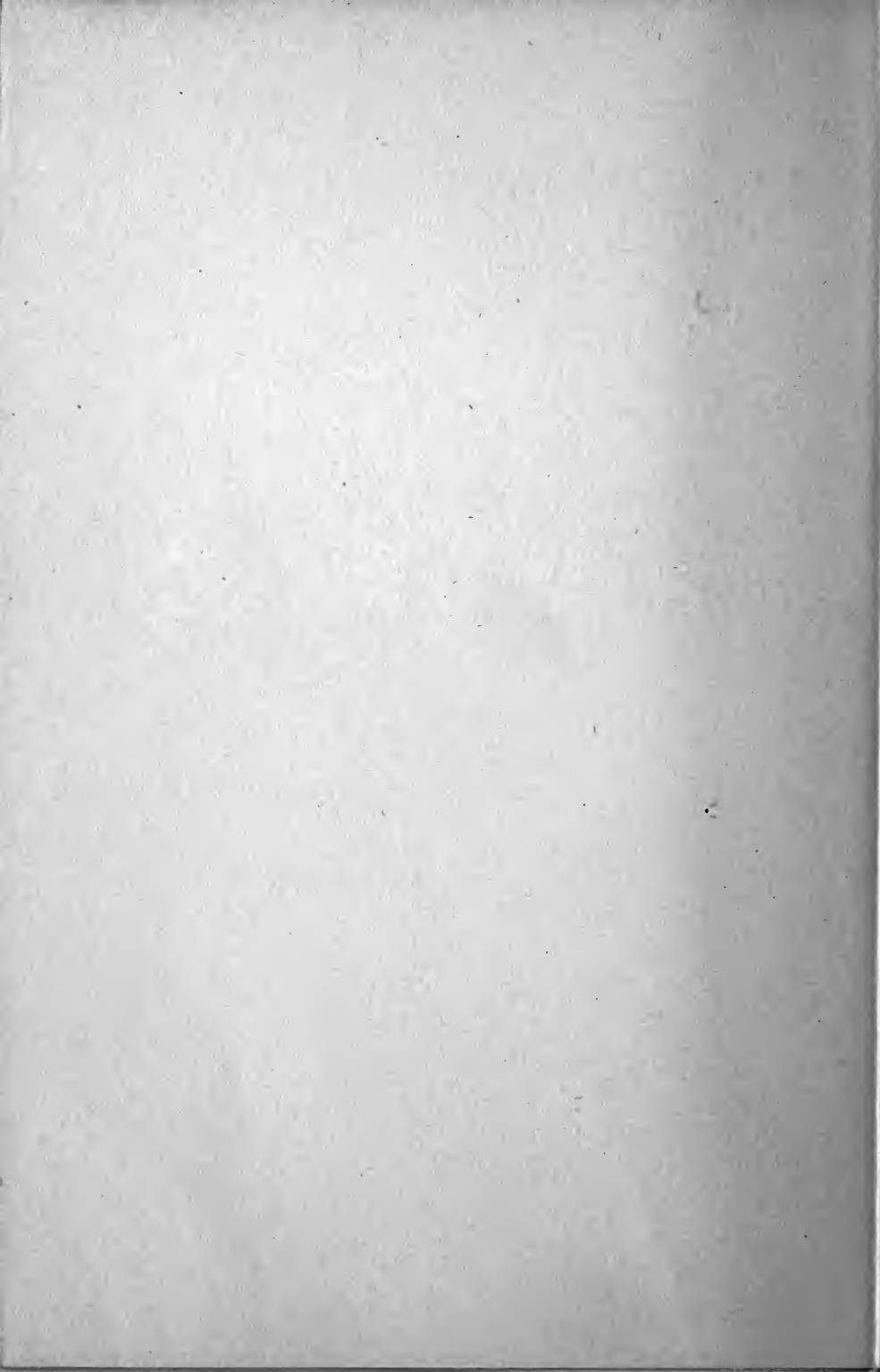
## THE BOOK OF LIVING LOVE

Within this book are tales of wondrous weaves  
Wherein quick lovers of the precious past  
Romance, dance, sing, with hearts that throb too  
fast

Old ballads of Italian loves and eves,  
Beneath whose moon trip they in tragic play,  
Heart up to heart creep, weep, then pass away;  
The while from lips that float on mine like leaves  
Afloat in sympathy and poesy  
I gather love as now no man conceives;  
And when those twinkling stars do light the page,  
And when that golden other slavery  
Binds these held hands I would not disengage —  
Read on, my fair, to find my future where  
A loving answer greets each living prayer.

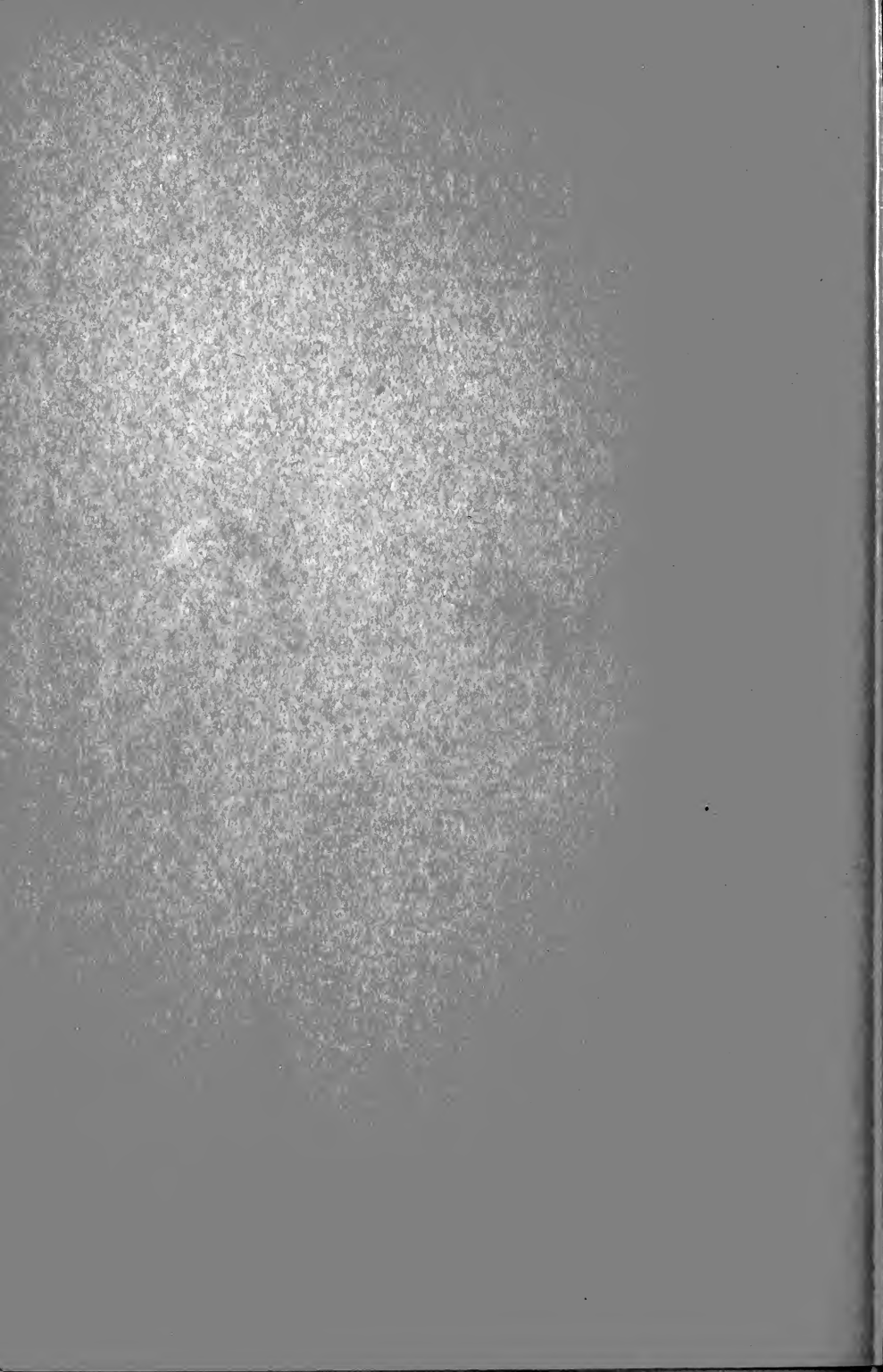
## YOUR VOICE

I long to see you smile and hear you speak  
One simple loving word that once I heard,  
Broken in voice and pitiful and weak,  
Which, though it seemed as from some singing  
bird,  
Was yet too sad for utterance quite whole  
And pierced by its own sobbing *rhythmus* died  
Before tears fell to mark the grievous goal —  
Love's tears of loss you would but could not hide.  
I long to hear those accents low and light,  
The voice which wanders through my heart of  
days  
And yearns upon my soul in depths of night,  
Stealing afar to kiss a thousand ways;  
Ah, sweet! the breath of music in your tone  
When you are calling heartwards—O mine own!





## PARALLELS



## PARALLELS

These verses which you bring are new, you say ;  
Ah no, they're not ; they have another name :  
To-morrow's dressed not quite like Yesterday  
But otherwise is very much the same :

For surely they come down from older times ;  
They have been done — and overdone — before :  
Who does not know the sweet recurrent rhymes ?  
Who has not heard their music once or more ?

Yes, Sweet-Sweet, all your tender themes are  
old —

*Were* old, that is when first their dreams were  
sung —

They are the same fond things that have been told  
To Beauty's laughing lips since Love was young.

What matter ? Is my interest, then, less  
Because remembered music strikes my ear ?  
Ah no, I love the stroke of each caress  
So much the more because already dear.

## ON A FINE DAY

Come, little friend,  
Let us wander far,  
Out of sight and out of sound  
Both temple and bazaar ;

Where may not be  
Aught but sun and shine,  
Casting shade on hade and glade,  
All fragrant of the pine :

Song shall it wreathe  
High and low my trees,  
Over swale and over vale,  
And in and out the breeze :

Peace shall be ours,  
Joy not known before,  
Till the day shall fade away  
And send us back once more.

## ON THAT DAY

O Love it was who touched the strings,  
From the very heart of things  
Drawing one undying chord,  
Our reward,

That day.

We knew not Love was in our view,  
Nor knew Love when Love withdrew,  
Winging soft off as a bird,  
With no word

To say.

But now we know that he was here,  
For he left a smile, a tear,  
To be grown as chance occurred,  
Our reward,

That day.

What life shall be is ours to say,  
Longer when Love may not stay  
Wings he soft off as a bird,  
With no word

To say.

## TRIOLETS

### I

Far on an island in the sea  
Where sleep-soft scented winds are blowing,  
We live and love alone — just we,  
Far on an island in the sea —  
And none may hear, and none may see,  
And none may know what we are knowing,  
Far on an island in the sea,  
Where sleep-soft scented winds are blowing.

### II

Sovereign star and mistress mine,  
Queen, woman, rose-flower and my own!  
But praise is poor; I am not digne,  
Sovereign star and mistress mine,  
Aught more to say than I am thine,  
All wholly only thine alone,  
Sovereign star and mistress mine,  
Queen, woman, rose-flower and my own.

## IN THE DIMNESS

Over and over the word, just the word and its  
    answer,  
Told in the bountiful silence and dimness, and  
    flaming  
Quick in renewals as fire-fleet feet of the dancer :  
Only the word, just the word ; and the music of  
    naming  
Names that are dear, and the joy of a love that is  
    dearer  
Flying as song to the heart, to the heart of each  
    hearer.

## SWEETHEART

Little all in all to me,  
I have called you dearest, best,  
What name nearer can there be  
When I hold you to my breast —  
Sweetheart?

I will kiss you when I say it,  
You will kiss me when you know,  
Love comes keenest when I lay it  
On the living lips — just so,  
Sweetheart.

## WHILE LOVE IS HERE

So you love me, child?  
Don't  
You know my  
Heart's a wild?  
Won't  
The loneliness oppress you, child?  
Why then silent, dear?  
O  
'Tis sweet I  
Know  
While Love is here.  
And  
The soft sigh  
Means no fear,  
And  
The bright eye  
Holds no tear,  
No,  
Nor loneliness oppress you, dear?  
O  
'Tis sweet I  
Know  
While Love is here.



## SERENADE

Soft the notes of trembling lyre,  
Softer Love now shakes out higher  
Softest words that burn as fire—  
Love-words, O my Heart's Desire.

Sweet and fleet songs low and light;  
Sweeter, fleeter — summer night;  
Sweetest, fleetest in their flight —  
Kisses, O my Heart's Delight.

Golden is the glint and flare  
Old and deep within thine hair,  
Twine me till I nestle where  
Heart hears Heart, my Heart's own Fair.

O I love thee as thou art!  
And I dream we shall not part  
But shall sleep — when shadows dart —  
Heart to Heart and Heart to Heart.

## SONG

O I love thee, love thee, darling,  
When the moon arises, dreaming,  
Through the night above me, darling,  
And the stars are bright and gleaming,  
And the world is faint and seeming,  
O I love thee, love thee, darling.  
O I love thee, love thee, darling,  
And my love is yearning, longing,  
For thy face above me, darling,  
For thy lips, my sweet belonging,  
For the words that come a-thronging,  
O I love thee, love thee, darling.

## A TOAST

Here's to the one each loves the best  
When songs and sighs are through,  
That eager wishes in each breast  
May all come true;  
And for the rest that there be zest  
Whatever that we do.

## THE LAKE

### *Day*

O the waves glisten and gleam,  
And bathe the sun in their bosoms ;  
And the lily-folk seem to laugh at the beam  
Which the sun hands down toward their  
blossoms.

### *Night*

The trees hang over the shore,  
And wave over there in the dimness ;  
And the reeds bend o'er to whisper the lore  
Of their kith and their kin and their sadness.

## SONG OF THE LAKE

On the margins of the lake  
The waters play a rhythmic song,  
Murmuring ceaselessly along  
The sands that fall as sounding keys,  
Loud or low as blows the breeze;  
When the light waves roll and break,  
Hear the songs their movements make!

Sunny shimmers skim the lake,  
Where insects hum and dragon-flies  
Dart in gauzy exercise,  
And, silver motes within the beam,  
Countless millions swish and gleam,  
Tumbling, snow-like, flake on flake,  
Songs to sing about the lake.

Late the sun is on the lake :  
The lilies take their daytime nap  
Fanned asleep by pads that flap;  
And frogs the drowsy watches keep,  
Dropping All's Wells bass and deep,  
While the reeds above them quake :  
Hear the chorus of the lake!

## MOONLIGHT

Soft are the hands that have come to dwell on my  
face — like two dreams —  
Soft and as light and as white as the moonlight  
that swooningly soothing  
Caresses the earth with its magical light, as it  
streams  
On the unstirred grass of the garden with  
rhythmical smoothing;  
And they ceaselessly pass and repass with no  
sound nor word spoken,  
Like twin ghosts pale and fair that beckon me on  
as they creep,  
As they peacefully gracefully float in the silence  
unbroken,  
Gracefully follow and float — till I drowse . . . .  
till I drowse . . . . till I sleep.

## LONGING

So late ! So late ! and you so far  
The music dear of yonder star  
Dies where you are :

Ah, once agone the moon poured clear  
Dripping white light on night's blue sphere,  
And you were here ;

You *were* here, dear, I held you tight  
Against this bosom through the night,  
I held you tight.

Too soon the moon the sky has flown —  
I cannot bear to be alone.  
O come, my own !

## MELANCHOLY

The soft rain falls about the town  
In mists that sob and thrill and creep ;  
And on the trees the leaves hang down  
Like long-lashed lids on eyes that weep :

Beyond, the rows of street-lamps blink  
With halos where they dimly loom,  
Whereunder draggled shadows shrink,  
Then disappear within the gloom.

And as the drizzling mists of night  
Fall drearily in endless rain,  
The melancholy put to flight  
Returns again with deeper pain,

Returns again in deep chagrin,  
A musing mist of bitter smart,  
Which will not lift, but settles in  
Sorrow and sadness of the heart.

## SEPARATION

Over the sad sea the stillness,  
Over the land-rims the night ;  
Deep in mine heart here mine illness :  
Only to see thee —  
Would that I might !

Day-long and night-long I hunger  
Only for one, one delight,  
You as I knew you when younger :  
O but to see thee —  
Would that I might !

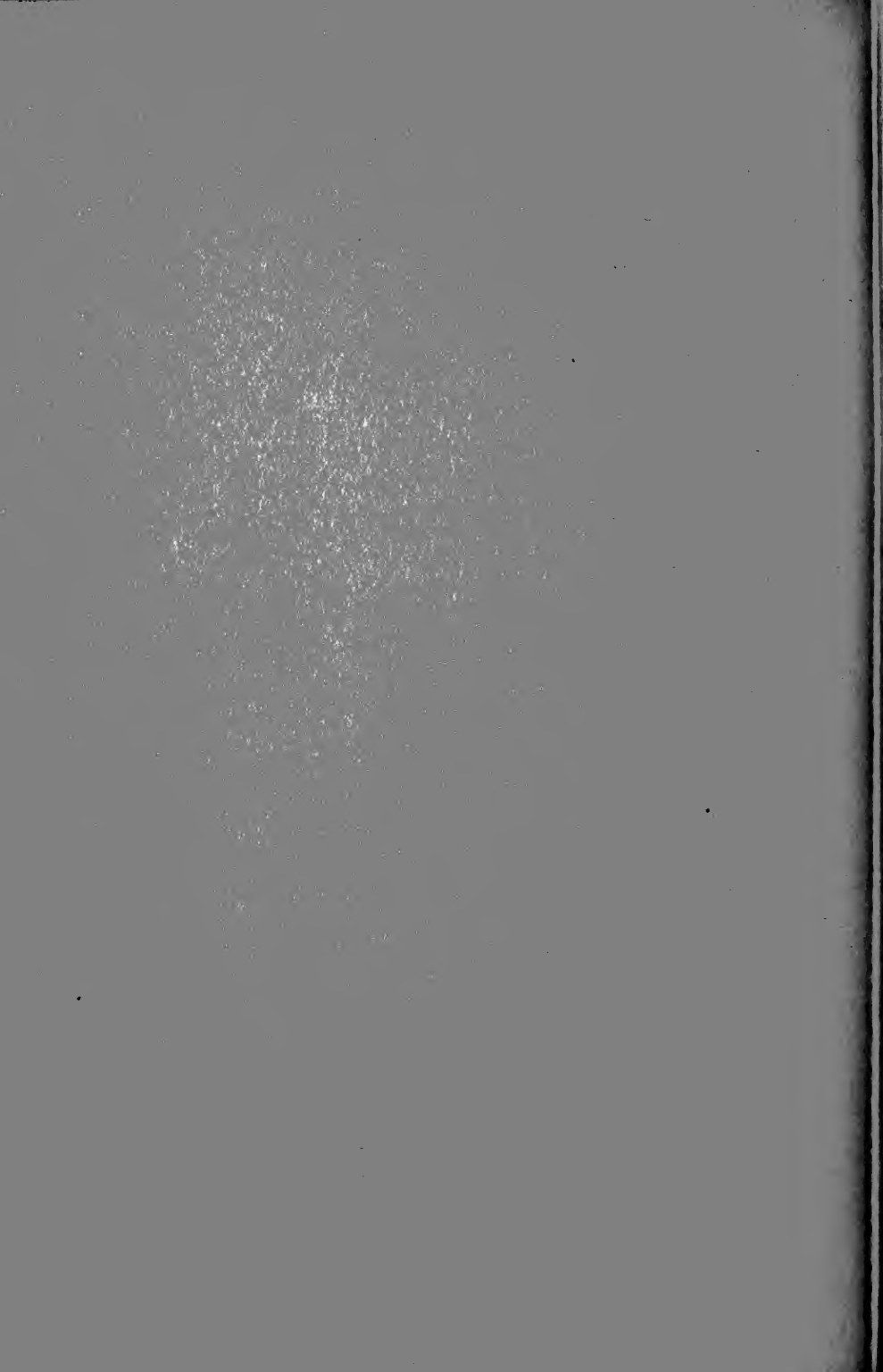


## LOVE'S YESTERDAY

O love, my love,  
So long it seems  
Since we pledged lip to lip that word  
Which you or I had hardly heard  
When there came dreams,

Dreams of an hour —  
So long it seems —  
Your heart met mine in one great rush  
And your fair face was all aflush  
From bolder dreams.

Love-dreams! Life-Dreams!  
So long it seems —  
O for long life of loving you!  
But life has more than love to do,  
Life knows no dreams.



## RENDERINGS



## JULES LAFORGUE

### The Provençal Moon

Ah, the bonny bold full Moon,  
Full of fortune, big with boon! . . .  
Distant trumpets sound "Lights Out";  
One lone passer walks without;  
Spinet-music over there;  
And a cat runs through the square:  
Man and land in sleep repose.  
Now the player also goes,  
Softly shutting her window down.  
Ah me! how late is it grown? . . .  
Quiet Moon, what banishment —  
Always in the firmament!  
Moon, O dilettant white Moon,  
Wandering with silver shoon  
To Missouri; here and there;  
To the gates of Paris; where  
Norway's fiords loom indigo;  
Poles and seas: we little know.  
Happy Moon! for thou wilt see  
All the glittering bravery

In possession of the stars  
On their way to Scotland's scaurs.

(What a snare it all would be,  
If North froze thee, hearing me !)

Moon, abandoned vagabond,  
Peace-disturber, passion-fond !

Night so opulent that I,  
Province-smitten, nearly die !

But the old Moon will not hear —  
She has cotton in each ear !

## SAPPHO

### CRUELTY FOR KINDNESS

You have hurt me worse than the wound of  
knowing

Trust betrayed and mankind most false, in  
showing

Kindness wasted I have been long bestowing —  
How could you do it?

Only you could hurt me and be unshaken,  
You of all I loved the best, who have taken  
All I had — you leave me for life forsaken,  
How could you do it?

## JOVIUS SECUNDUS

### KISSES

Let there rain upon us kisses,  
Hundreds, thousands of these blisses,  
Thousands falling on thy face —  
Thousands none can e'er replace —  
    Swifter than the wind of sea,  
    More than stars in heaven be,  
While thy purple eyes are gleaming,  
While thy lips are on me dreaming,  
Till the kisses, overflowing,  
Quench the love so warmly glowing,  
    Kiss, O kiss me, ecstasy !



## CATULLUS

### CRUX AMORIS

I give you my all, my inmost treasure-store,  
My hungry hateful love once more, once more :  
I love you as only hate can love — blank blind  
Unreasoning distemper of the mind ;  
I hate you as only passionate love can hate —  
Malevolently, lovingly and late :  
I hate you and I love, — I know not why ;  
I only know how love can crucify.

## MELEAGER

### TO A SONG-MAIDEN

From your young throat  
There falls a strain  
Like silver rain —  
From your young throat :

No other note  
But Pan's so sweet,  
And none so fleet —  
No other note.

Where shall I turn  
My breath to call?  
How not to yearn?

From music's fall,  
Your grace — or all,  
I burn, I burn.

## MELEAGER

### THE GARLAND OF ROSES

Thou hast a wreath around thy head  
Of roses sweet and red :  
Above thy delicate brow they lie  
Too soon to droop and die,

Green leaves to wither, blooms to fail,  
And loveliness to go :  
I would it were not so !  
But though the blooms fall cold and pale,

And die upon the brow beneath,  
They live within the tomb ;  
For thou art of the wreath a wreath,  
And of the roses bloom.

FOLK-MADE

A GASCON *Vocero*

My child! My dear!

O!

You will be lonely here

In the cemetery

The whole night long :

And I

Shall choke with many a tear,

And the lone house bury

My cry —

The whole night long :

O!

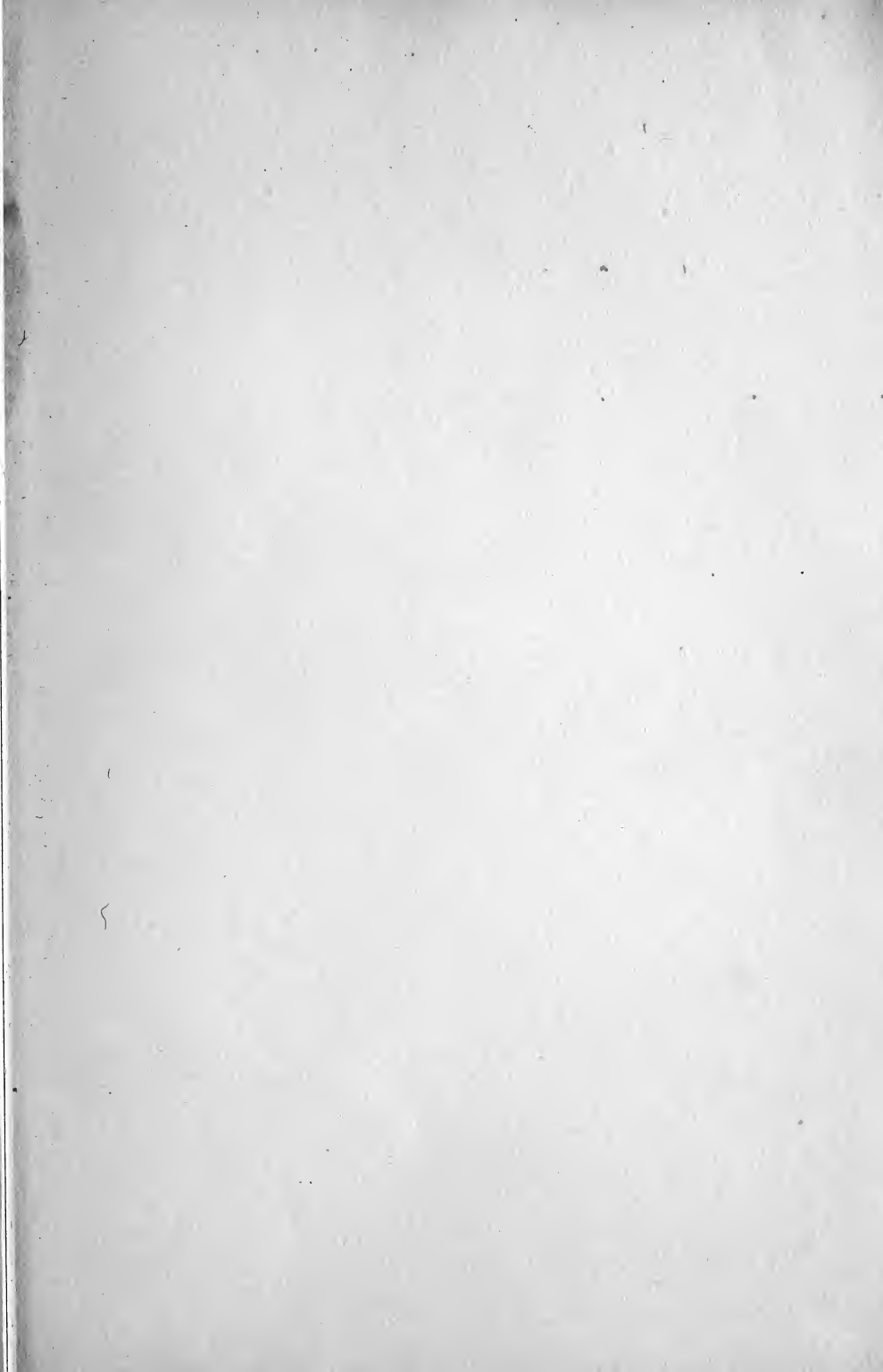
My child! My dear!

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

SIGH

My soul up to thy face, where dream, calm child,  
The freckles of an autumn windy-wild,  
Up to thy heavenly changeful angel eyes  
Lifts, as in moody gardens might arise  
A white fond fountain with an upward sigh!  
— To blue sky, pale and pure October sky,  
Reflecting languors long in its great deep,  
While leaves in tawny gasps — the pool asleep —  
Are coldly driven of the wind aside,  
Just where the the yellow sun's last ray has died.

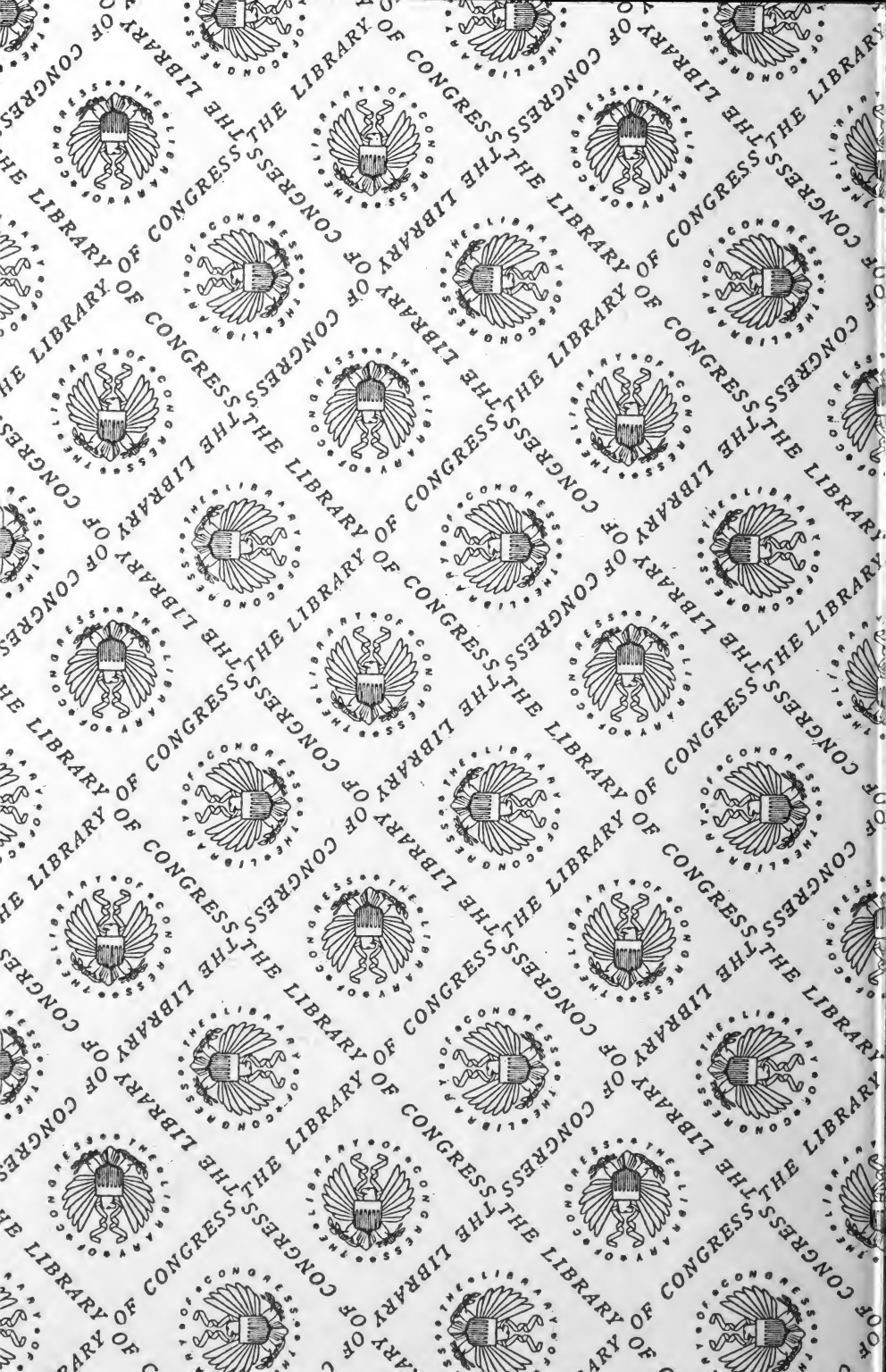
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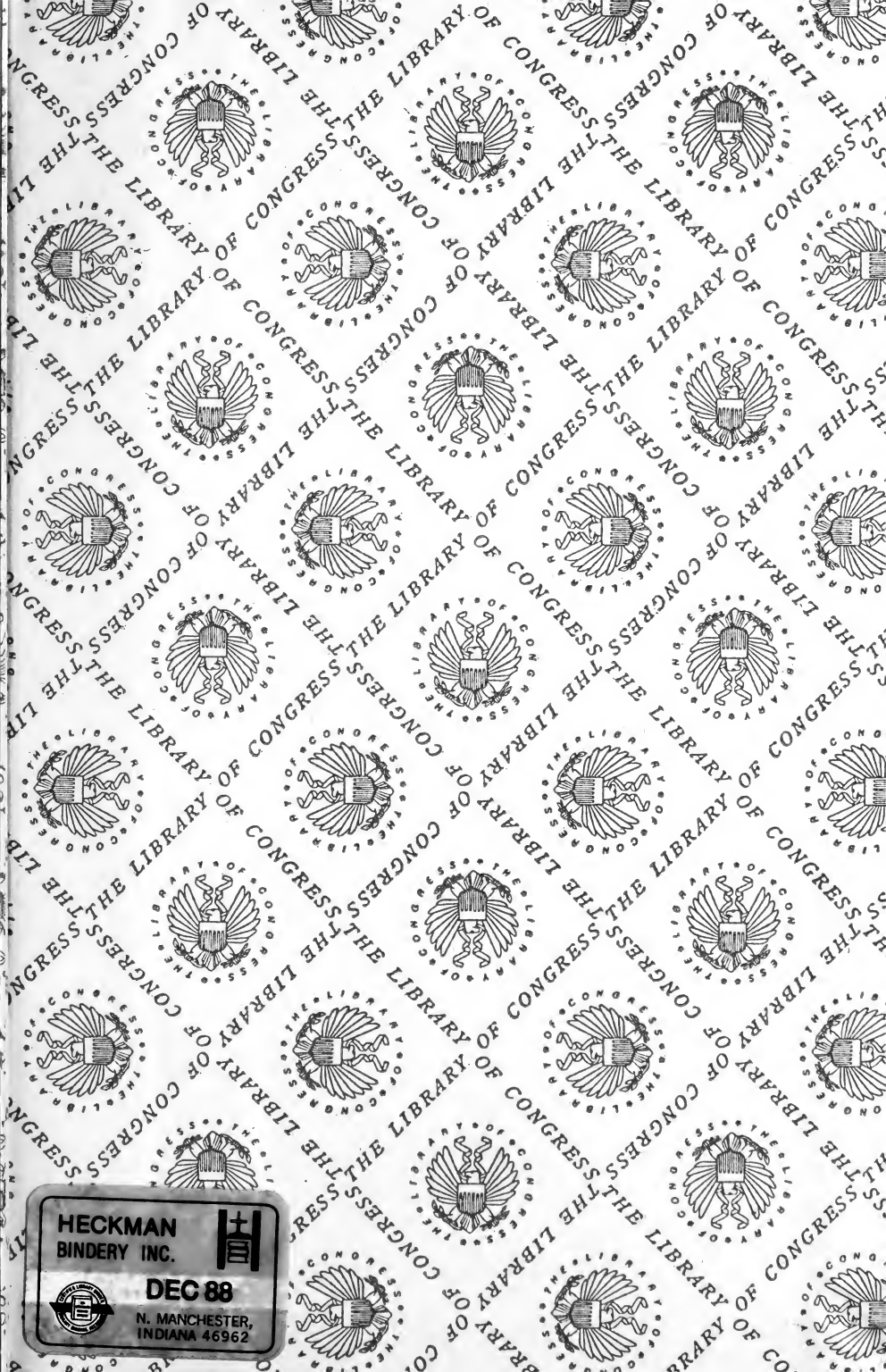


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